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FIEDLER COLLECTION



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iv DEDICATION.

jeſty would think I ſaid too much; for none thirſt leſs for praiſe than thoſe who deſerve it moſt. You have been too long the ſubject of popular affection, to be moved now by the incenſe of a poet's dedication.

Neither will I affect, as ſome do, to depreciate what I offer; ſuch dedicators deſerve the reproof Swift made to a Lady, who, after making great preparations for his reception, “was afraid he could not eat her “homely fare.” “Then why, Madam, did “you not get better,” replied the Dean, “you “have known of my coming long enough.” Had I really thought this Comedy unworthy of your acceptance, I ſhould not have preſented it, nor, indeed, have had it to preſent. The *Minna* of the celebrated Leſſing has ſucceeded on the French, Dutch, Daniſh, and Ruſſian ſtages; and
Britain

DEDICATION. v

Britain is now adding her suffrage to its reputation. I own, this play and Lessing's are materially different; but I have endeavoured to make it what he would have done, had he written at the present moment, and for an English audience. His gold is new cast into a more fashionable form; and though it has lost in bulk, I hope it has not lost in weight, as in the whole progress of successive alterations, I have been advised and assisted by a critic, whose excellent productions prove that his opinions are not the dogmas of barren theory, but the result of a successful practice.

I know it hazards much of its reputation, when it appears to be examined by cool reflection in the closet, divested of the numberless graces given it by performers, such as no country, but our own, can boast of. But your Majesty will, with
your

vi D E D I C A T I O N.

your usual goodness, pardon my zeal,
in case its ill success should convict me of
indiscretion.

I have the honour to be,

M A D A M,

With the most profound Respect,

Your Majesty's

Most dutiful Subject,

And most obedient

Humble Servant,

JAMES JOHNSTONE.

*Lower Grosvenor-
Street, Aug. 3, 1786.*

P R E-

P R E F A C E.

THE small progress German literature has made amongst us, is not to be imputed to national pride, since the French, Spanish, and Italian have become generally studied; but to the tardiness of its growth, and the difficulty of the language. Utility and amusement are the motives for learning a foreign dictionary. Utility soon gains a sufficiency for its purpose, and seeks no further: Amusement will not undertake the drudgery, till sure of an adequate reward. The affectation of being learned made the Germans, till the present century, cultivate every language but their own; nay, even in this, the King of Prussia is a French poet, and was lately surprised, when convinced by the Abbot Jerusalem, that German literature had, during his reign, and without his knowledge or assistance, made most rapid strides to its maturity. Is it then to be wondered at, that we are ignorant of its progress? The translations we have hitherto had from it, have few of them tended to remove our prejudices; nor can translations remove them; nothing can do that, but a knowledge of the language itself.

Every language has a national music of its own, that pleases the ears of none but those who speak it: the number of consonants in the German, proceeding from the composition of words beginning and ending perhaps with consonants, strike the stranger immediately; but 'tis a long time before he can discern that these compounds give an energy to the German, unknown to every other language. Again, the accents in all languages derived from the Teutonic being placed on the consonants, all strangers whose language proceeds from the Latin, where the reverse is obvious, hear it with disgust. Familiarity only can make them feel a prosodia which, like that of the ancient languages, has a determined quantity, and can adopt what kind of measure, ancient or modern, that the poet chuses. A language being thus difficult, the progress of its literature among strangers must be proportionably slow, especially as so many other nations have got the start of it. It has been slow even in Germany itself.

The Germans divide the history of their poetry into five periods, and begin the last from Opitz, who died in 1639; but it must be acknowledged, that Haller and Hagedorn, both born in the year 1708, were the first who opened the

the eyes of their countrymen to the beauties of their own language, and raised that spirit of emulation which has produced so many admirable writers, amongst whom Lessing has not been the least conspicuous. He was born at Kamenz in the year 1729, and studied at Wittemberg, where he taught philosophy : he removed from thence to Berlin, where he lived several years, during which he wrote several of his plays, and particularly his *Minna von Barnhelm*, from which the *Disbanded Officer* is taken : it was finished in the year 1763, so that probably he had seen some volumes of *Sterne* before he wrote it. In 1766 he removed to Hamburg, where he undertook the selection of pieces for representation on that theatre. In 1772 the Duke of Brunswick made him his librarian at Wolfenbittel, and he died at Brunswick in the year 1781. Lessing had a great fund of learning, both ancient and modern, but his genius was too daring to be kept within the boundaries of example ; and, like our Shakespear, he had a free career, for nothing had gone before him to compare him with : but I should tremble to translate him ; his language is neat, pure, and graceful ; his humour high coloured and characteristic ; and his wit delicate, yet lively.

lively. The same objection that has been made to Voiture, has been made to him, that he had too much wit; this, however, must be meant only of his tragedies, where indeed wit frequently occurs; but the subjects being taken from common life, a greater latitude may be allowed the poet, provided the pathos be only relieved, not interrupted. His plots are far from being rich: he seems frequently to sacrifice to the unities, particularly that of action.

Lessing has enriched German literature with two volumes of comedies, and one of tragedies, besides many poetical and philosophical works, and left a reputation behind him, that a number of later dramatic productions, though masterly, have not been able to eclipse.

It was my intention in the fifth act to have kept more close to my original, and, in the height of the quarrel between Holberg and the Baroness, to have announced the uncle's arrival, which produces a whimsical distress in the Baroness, and a noble resolution in the Colonel to protect her, in spite of his resentment; but I was obliged to resign my opinion to Mr. Colman's superior judgment, which was justified by the success.

P R O L O G U E.

By Mr. COLMAN.

IN DAYS of old, on property and trade
Taxes and rates, unqualified, were laid ;
But modern politicks, with reins more lax,
Comforts administer with every tax ;
Hold out *douceurs*, by way of compensation,
And make the burdens light—by *Commutation*.

Teas, now a drug so cheap, with draughts bewitching,
Imperial, Congou, Hyson, charm the kitchen ;
Bohea, like bull's blood, in coarse delft ne'er seen ;
Neat Wedgewood deals Souchong, or finest green.
Breakfast well over, we prepare to dine,
To which the state provides us genuine wine !
Adultery, by Act of Parliament forbid,
No more in cellars and dark caves lies hid ;
No more from *foes*,—sound port the vintners drain ;
No more from turnip-juice brew brisk champagne.

Ah !

P R O L O G U E

Ah! were our plays thus wisely supervis'd!
Humours and passions gaged, and plots excis'd,
What frauds would be unveil'd! Sophistication,
Much contraband, and much adulteration!
Neat as imported is the constant boast,
Though smuggling smacks and cutters crowd the coast.
At many a pilfer'd scene you've cry'd and laugh'd,
And oft, for home-brew'd, balderdash have quaff'd.
Plays from French vineyards drawn, have learnt to please,
Run, like Southampton port, on claret lees;
While the bard cries, to smuggling no great foe,
" 'Tis English, English, Sirs, from top to toe."

To night, a new adventurer vents his stock,
And brings you from the Rhine some good old Hock:
Waves but his wand,—a true dramatic Merlin—
Presto! your're charm'd from London,—plac'd at Berlin:
There lies our scene to-night—an hour or two
True Prussians, we must do as Prussians do.
Our goods,—our habits, are of German growth;
Both fairly enter'd, and acknowledg'd both.
Lessing, a German bard of high renown,
Long, on the Continent, has charm'd the town;
His plays as much applauded at Vienna,
As here the *School for Scandal*, or *Duenna*;

From

P R O L O G U E.

From his bold outline draws our modern Bayes,
And on *his* canvas English colours lays.
Rumbling and rough though Bruchfal's name appear,
Grating harsh thunder on an English ear,
Yet she may charm, and prove ere she departs,
That ladies with hard names have tender hearts.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Col. HOLBERG, a Prussian Officer disbanded,</i>	}	Mr. PALMER.
<i>PAUL WARMANS, late Serjeant Major to the Colonel's Regiment, - - - -</i>		Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
<i>KATZENBUCKEL, a Landlord, - - - - -</i>	}	Mr. BADDELY.
<i>ROHF, Servant to the Colonel, - - - - -</i>	}	Mr. PARSONS.
<i>King's Messenger, - - - -</i>		Mr. LYONS.
<i>Boy, - - - - -</i>		Master FARLEY.

W O M E N.

<i>BARONESS of BRUCHSAL, - - - - -</i>	}	Miss FARREN.
<i>LISETTA, - - - - -</i>		Mrs. BULKLEY.
<i>LADY in Mourning, - - -</i>		Mrs. INCHBALD.

The Scene is at Berlin.

The time about six hours.

E P I L O G U E.

WHEN Ancients held the Muses steed in rein,
Bards were to teach, as well as entertain;
And draw fit characters, to let folks see,
What they ought not, and what they ought to be.
Folly, in Satyr's glass, is safely shewn,
For Laughter thinks no feature there his own;
But Vice, by virtuous portraits, feels aspers'd,
And calls them fictions, and a world revers'd.
What fate then must our characters expect,
Whose too great goodness is their great defect?

An Officer, rejecting, out of rule,
An Heiress, 'stead of stealing one from school;
That Heiress, husband-hunting—not by stealth—
And feigning, want to cheat one into wealth:
A Groom resolv'd to share a master's sorrow:
A fool that's angry, 'cause a friend won't borrow.
Whate'er such characters abroad appear,
Tho' natural—they're out of fashion here.

France, where in wit, dress, folly, taste, and fin,
Refinements (save in morals) all begin;
Consign'd to dusty shelves, with classic lore,
Virtue's dead language, which she spoke no more.
“ Hang sentiments, the Palais Royal cry'd,
“ Hang sentiments, St. Honoré reply'd,

“ Hang

E P I L O G U E.

“ Hang sentiments, the Halle re-echo’d round,
“ And Rue d’Enfer exulted at the sound.”
The stage no more in vain attempts their stay,
Vice flows up to the *Follies of the Day* :
While fashion spares instruction’s needless task,
To laugh and stare, is all that loungers ask ;
And Bards in ev’ry lobby now discern,
That the gay world has nothing more to learn.

Expect from France, then, Plays perform’d by dogs,
Spoken by clocks, or spelt by learned hogs ;
Geese, on two horses, hunting a tame fox,
And ’stead of dancing Frenchmen, dancing ducks :
Perhaps, to drive the Muse from ev’ry hope,
Huge elephants, shall skip upon a rope.
Or, should she still some few adherents keep,
Why magnetism shall tickle them to sleep——
Nay, laugh not, sceptics——there, a patient stands,
That can expect no cure, but from your hands ;
Then by your treatment of the poor pale creature,
Prove British magnetism to be——good-nature.

T H E

DISBANDED OFFICER;

OR, THE

BARONESS OF BRUCHSAL.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *A Vestible or Hall common to
several Apartments.*—ROHF discovered.

ROHF.

“YOU landlord ! scoundrel ! well said, comrade, break
“ his bones ! (*in the action of fighting hits his hand*
“ *and wakes*) Again !” * I can scarce close my eyes, but I
dream of beating that rascal our landlord.—Would to
Heaven he had but half the blows that I have dreamt
him.—Gad so, 'tis broad-day ! Where can my poor
master have passed the night ? I must go and seek him ;
for, with my good will, he shall never come under this
curfed roof again.

B

SCENE

* All marked “ omitted in the representation.

2 THE DISBANDED OFFICER; or,

S C E N E II.

ROHF. KATZENBUCKLE.

KATZ. Good-morrow, Mr. Rohf.—What up so early, or so late, which am I to say?

ROHF. Say—which you like.

KATZ. Nay, I say nothing, but good-morrow Mr. Rohf; and that deserves at least a thank you.

ROHF. Thank you.

KATZ. Come, come, a man is always out of humour, when he has not had his natural rest: The Colonel did not come home last night, and you have set up for him, mayhap?

ROHF. The devil's child is born a witch or a wizard.

KATZ. To be sure I can give a shrewd guess into—

ROHF. Your servant, then.

KATZ. No, Mr. Rohf, not—

ROHF. Well, no, not your servant then.

KATZ. You are out of temper to-day; not, I hope, at the trifle of yesterday.

ROHF. Yes but I am, and shall be to-morrow, and every day, and all the day.

KATZ. Pooh!—prithee think no more of that (*calls into the coulisse*). Halloo, boy!—I'll make it up some other way, I'll warrant (*the boy comes in*). Bring a bottle of cordial, Mr. Rohf would have a dram; some of the best, do you hear?

[*Exit boy.*]

ROHF. You need not, for may that drop be my poison—(*the boy brings in the bottle and glass*) but I won't swear about it.

KATZ.

KATZ. Give it here—go—Now, Mr. Rohf, here is your right fort, strong, beautiful and wholesome: the only thing in the world to set a stomach to rights again, that is sick with long watching.

ROHF. I would not touch it if—it looks well, faith.
(*takes it and drinks.*)

KATZ. Much good may it do you, Mr. Rohf.

ROHF. 'Twill do me no harm, I believe (*giving back the glass*); but nevertheless you are a brutal scoundrel, landlord.

KATZ. No, I hope not—t'other glass—must wet both eyes, you know.

ROHF. Good stuff, faith! (*drinks*) very good. Make it yourself, landlord?

KATZ. O Lord, no—right Dantzick, genuine double distilled. I can challenge all Berlin to shew the like.

ROHF. Look you, master Katzenbuckel, if I could flatter, it would be for such stuff as this; but I can't—it will out, you are a brutal scoundrel, landlord!

KATZ. No, no, every body says, that I am the honestest, civilest—another drop, Mr. Rohf, the third time is lucky.

ROHF. (*drinks*) A good thing this, a very good thing; but nothing is better than truth—you are a damn'd brutal scoundrel, landlord!

KATZ. T'other little drop, the fourth nail keeps all tight, come——

ROHF. No; too much is too much; and I should stick to my text till the last drop in the bottle—that so bad a man should have such good liquor! Fye, a gentleman like my master—so punctual in his payments—who has

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lived above a twelvemonth in your house—who has paid you so much—to turn him out of his apartments—in his absence too ; because he has not paid ready money for these last two months.—What a brutal scoundrel !

KATZ. But then, you know the necessity. Was I now, to have turned a lady, and a foreigner, away from my house ? Was I to have driven such a fine morsel into the jaws of the Red Lion, the Green Dragon, the Brown Bear, or any of my brother hosts, who never shew any such civility to me ?

ROHF. Landlords are all beasts that grasp and growl for prey, even when they can gorge no more.

KATZ. Besides, I don't believe she could have got a lodging in all Berlin, the inns are now so full ; and should a young, handsome, sweet lady have staid in the streets all night ? Your master is too gallant to have suffered that—had he been here, I am sure he would have been the first to have proposed it. And if I have taken his apartment, have I not given him another for it ?

ROHF. Yes, on the garret-floor, where the pigeons have the front room ; with an extensive prospect of smoaky chimneys.

KATZ. Fine and airy apartment, master Rohf.

ROHF. Airy !—yes, as a broken casement can make it.

KATZ. But you'll allow the chamber it's self is genteel ; 'tis hung with tapestry.

ROHF. Has been, you mean.

KATZ. No indeed, one side is hung still.

ROHF. With what the moths thought too unwholesome.

KATZ.

KATZ. And then, there is an anti-chamber, with a fire place in it too.

ROHF. And has had a fire in it, the roof bears witness.

KATZ. To be sure, it does smoke a little in the winter; but now, in summer——

ROHF. 'Tis as hot as it was then cold.—Such an indignity! to such a man as my master:—Fellow, don't you think; that an officer, though disbanded, is still officer enough to twist a brutal scoundrel's neck about?

KATZ. Lord! Mr. Rohf, don't be in a passion.

ROHF. But I will be in a passion, and what then?

S C E N E III.

COLONEL HOLBERG. KATZENBUCKEL. ROHF.

COL. (*without*) Rohf!

KATZ. Mr. Rohf! Mr. Rohf! look, the Colonel.

COL. (*entering*) Rohf! I thought I heard you quarrelling. Pray what were the orders I gave you?

KATZ. Oh! your honour—no—quarrelling! Heaven forbid that your humble servant should presume to quarrel with any one that has the honour to belong to you.

ROHF. Now the hell-cat purs. Oh! that I could but drill that round back of his.

KATZ. 'Tis true, Mr. Rohf was speaking up for his master, and a little warmly; but I love, I honour him for that.

ROHF. Oh that every lie were a blister!

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KATZ. But I was sure your honour would not be offended, as the necessity——

COL. Enough, Sir; I am in your debt, and you, in my absence, turn me out of my apartment: that is to say, you must be paid, and I must seek another lodging.

KATZ. Another lodging!—What, your honour leave my house? no, by no means—the lady shall quit it rather—the Colonel cannot, will not lend her his apartment for a few days—'tis his—she must go out on't—I cannot help—Yes your honour, I'll go immediately, and give her——

COL. Do not add to the folly already committed, Friend; the lady must keep it, and you must be paid. (*thoughtfully.*)

KATZ. No hurry, your honour, I am not afraid of my money: I did not do it for that, indeed I did not, your honour. How could I? the bag marked an hundred pistoles, that I found sealed in your bureau, when we moved your honour's things——

COL. Altered your opinion.

KATZ. To be sure, I did not expect to find so much money in——

COL. Or you would have treated me with more civility; I understand, Sir. Go, leave me; I have something to say to my servant.

KATZ. But your honour won't——

COL. Come, Rohf, I perceive the gentleman will not permit me to tell you in his house, what you are to do.

KATZ. I am going, I am going, an't please your honour; my whole house is at your service. [*Exit Katz.*]

SCENE

THE BARONESS OF BRUCHSAL. 7

S C E N E IV.

COLONEL HOLBERG. ROHF.

ROHF. (*In a half-voice, looking after the landlord, and spurning with his foot*) Out, you brutal scoundrel!

COL. What's the matter?

ROHF. So cool! were I in your place——

COL. What would you have me do, beat him?

ROHF. No, no! he is too low for you to meddle with, only——

COL. Commiffion you—Blows would degrade me still more, if given by the arm of another. Could I commiffion you to bear him my contempt with the money I owe him; but that is impoffible, I have not now a fhilling left; nor do I know where I can raife one.

ROHF. No! what then is the bag the landlord found in your bureau?

COL. Some money committed to my keeping.

ROHF. Not, furely, the hundred piftoles your late Serjeant Major brought you a few weeks ago?

COL. That Paul Warmans brought?—the fame.

ROHF. What have not you fpent that yet? you may, that I can anfwer for,

COL. Indeed?

ROHF. I told Warmans what delays and difficulties your accounts with the army cheft had met with——

COL. That is, that in all probability I fhall foon be a beggar, if I am not one already. I am much obliged to you, Rohf—and this information induced Warmans

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to share with me his hard-earn'd mite of poverty.—
Hark you! make out your accounts likewise—we
must part.

ROHF. Sir!

COL. No reply; here is some one coming; leave
the room. [Exit Rohf.]

S C E N E V.

COLONEL HOLBERG. A LADY in *Weeds*.

LADY. I beg pardon, Sir.

COL. Whom seek you, Madam?

LADY. The worthy gentleman that I am speaking
to—Do you not recollect me, Sir? I am the widow of
your late Captain Lieutenant, just risen from a sick
bed; into which the loss of my husband had thrown
me. I am under the necessity of intruding thus early,
Sir, because I am going into the country; where a
lady, a friend of mine, a little, and but a little, more
fortunate than myself, has offered me an asylum.

COL. Speak freely, Madam!—you know your hus-
band was my friend—an appellation I was never lavish
of.

LADY. None knows better how worthy you were
of his friendship, and how worthy he was of yours—
you were the subject of his latest thoughts; and your
name would have been the last his dying lips had
uttered, had not nature asserted that right for an un-
fortunate orphan, and a wretched widow.

COL. My honest Marloff! Quickly Madam, what
are your commands? if I have it in my power to
serve you—

LADY. I durst not go till I had fulfilled his last
will.

will. A little before his death he recollected that he was dying in your debt, and enjoined me to pay you with the first money I should get. I have sold his equipage, and am now come to take up his note.

COL. Madam! was that your only business?

LADY. Yes Sir; and with your permission, will count you out the money.

COL. By no means—Marloff in debt to me! There must be, Madam, some mistake. I do remember he was, some time ago, a trifle in my debt; but that is all discharged—On the contrary, I have never had it in my power to acquit my debt to a man, who for six years shared with me in prosperity and adversity, honour and danger. I will never forget that he has left a son behind him, who shall be my son, as soon as I can be a father to him.

LADY. Generous man!—yet—think not too meanly of me—take your money, Sir, and I shall have the satisfaction—

COL. What further satisfaction can you require, than my assurance that the money does not belong to me. Will you oblige me to rob the infant orphan of my friend?—It belongs to him, and do you take charge on't for him.

LADY. I understand you, Sir—Forgive me, if I am not yet acquainted with the manner in which benefactions should be received—But at the same time give me leave to assure you, that a mother will do for the preservation of her son's life, what she would not submit to for her own—I go—

COL. Go, Madam!—a good journey to you; I can scarcely at present request to hear from you—
your

10 THE DISBANDED OFFICER; or,

your letter might come at a time when—I could be of no service—but there is one thing more, and that the most material too, I had almost forgot. Poor Marloff had likewise claims upon the chest of our late regiment; which are as just as mine, and were mine paid, must be paid of course: I will take upon me the management of them.

LADY. O Sir!—but I will be silent—to pave thus the way for future benefactions, is, in the sight of Heaven, already to have done them—Accept in return Heaven's blessings and my tears. [Exit Lady.

S C E N E VI,

COLONEL HOLBERG.

Poor worthy woman!—I must not forget to cancel the note (*looking for it*); for who can answer, but one time or other, distress might drive me to make use of it. (*tears it.*)

S C E N E VII,

COLONEL. ROHF.

COL. So, are you there?

ROHF. Yes.

COL. You have been crying.

ROHF I wrote my account in the kitchen, and it is full of smoke.

COL. Give it me.

ROHF. Do, Sir, have compassion on me; I know the world has none on you; but don't, pray don't dismiss me.

COL. I cannot keep you any longer—I must now
learn

learn to do without assistance. (*opens the account and reads.*) 'His honour Colonel Holberg, debtor to wages three months and a half, at six dollars per month, make 21 dollars; to sundries expended from the first of this month, 1 dollar, 7 gros, and 3 pfen-nings:' total, 22 dollars, 7 gros, and 3 pfenning. Very right; and it is but just that I should pay you for the whole of the current month.

ROHF. Turn over, Sir.

COL. What more! (*reads*) 'What I am indebted to the Colonel. Paid for me to the surgeon, 25 dollars: for nursing and attendance during my illness, 39 dollars: given at my request to my father, when burnt out, and plundered, (without reckoning the two captured horses that he gave him) 50 dollars. Total 114 dollars; from which deduct 22 crowns, 7 gros, and 3 pfenning; remain 91 dollars, 12.'—The fellow's mad, sure!

ROHF. I own, Sir, that I have cost you more, much more, but it would be only wasting paper to set it down: I can't pay what I have set down already—I had rather you had let me have died in the hospital—

COL. Pshaw, pshaw; you are not in my debt; and I will recommend you to an acquaintance, with whom you will be better situated than with me.—No, you are not in my debt; but I must not, will not be in your's.

ROHF. Is that your reason, your only reason for discharging me?—why then, I'll stay; for as I never can be out of your debt, you can never be in mine.—Do what you will, Sir; I must, I will stay.

COL. You must not stay, Rohf.

ROHF. I must, indeed I must, Sir.

COL.

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COL. Nay, then, you shall not.

ROHF. Shall not. This is using me worse than a dog.

COL. Worse than a dog, to dismiss you when I am starving?—the very rats run from a house that is falling.

ROHF. 'Tis worse than I used my dog, who is worse temper'd than I am.

COL. How do you mean?

ROHF. As I went one night last winter to the canal, I heard something cry; I got off, and thought to have saved a child, but drew out a shock spaniel. 'Tis a life saved, however, thought I; the cur came up to me, but I am not fond of shock spaniels. "I drove him away—I beat him—but all in vain—I did not suffer him to come into my chamber. Well, he staid at the door, and slept upon the threshold;" whenever he came near me, I gave him a kick; he cried out, looked wistfully, and wagg'd his tail. "I am the only person he obeys, or that dares come near him; he runs before me, and plays over all his tricks without bidding." It is certainly an ugly cross cur, but an excellent dog; and if he carries the matter much further, I must for ever give up my aversion to shock spaniels.

COL. Well, Rohf, we will not part.

ROHF. No, certainly—do without a servant!—that you never shall.—I know I am scarcely bearable; yet, without bragging, be it said, I am a servant, who, when the worst comes to the worst, would beg, or even steal, for his master.

SCENE

SCENE *omitted in the Representation.*

COLONEL. ROHF. A SERVANT.

"SERV. Hift, brother fervant, a word with you.

"ROHF. A word be it then.

"SERV. Can you direct me to the officer who lodged
"here yesterday?

"ROHF. Ay, what have you brought him?

"SERV. What we usually bring when we bring
"nothing—a compliment. My lady understands good
"breeding, and I am sent to beg his pardon.

"ROHF. Beg away then, for there he stands.

"SERV. What is he? what title must I give him?

"COL. Friend, I have already heard your message;
"this is too great a condescension in your mistress,
"which I acknowledge as I ought. Present my com-
"pliments to ——— Pray how do you call her?

"SERV. I call her My Lady.

"COL. But her family name.

"SERV. Have you any particular reason for asking
"it?

"COL. No, friend; only——

"SERV. No, nor I for telling it.

"COL. I commend your discretion.

"SERV. Ay, Sir, there may hap to be occasion for
"discretion; for you must know this lady, who hired
"me a few days ago in the way hither, is a Saxon, Sir;
"and you know the character of the Saxon ladies, fair,
"free and fond. She is come here with an uncle, to
"seek after a sweetheart, they say she is betrothed to—

"COL.

14 THE DISBANDED OFFICER; or,

"COL. Enough, friend; I only desired to know her family name, and not her family secrets.

"SERV. She forbid me, on the road, to tell the one; but she never said any thing about the other.

"COL. You have delivered your message, friend.

"SERV. Brother servant, is that your master?

"ROHF. Yes.

"SERV. He would not be long my master, I believe. [Exit.

COL. I must at any rate get out of this house. But what shall I do to pay the fellow? (*feels in his pockets, takes out a ring in a case, and muses*) Here, Rohf, take this ring.

ROHF. Yes Sir.

COL. Yet no, I cannot spare it—this ring—no, I would not part with it for Golconda! Rohf, have I nothing left that we might raise the landlord's money on?

ROHF. Nothing, Sir; if it were not for the bag in his hands, 'twere no matter if he had all the rest for his securities; but Warman's money is, I am sure—

COL. A sacred trust:—Here, Rohf, take this ring.

ROHF. And sell it, Sir?

COL. Heaven forbid!—pledge it, do you hear—only pledge it, mind.

ROHF. Yes Sir.

COL. Get eighty pistoles for it (*looking at it*).

ROHF. Yes Sir.

COL. Pay the landlord what is due.

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ROHF. Yes Sir.

COL. Move my things.

ROHF. Yes Sir.

COL. And make haste. (*still looking*)

ROHF. Yes Sir, (*holding out his hand; but the Colonel still looks at the ring without giving it*) but——

COL. What?

ROHF. You have not given me the ring.

COL. True. (*aside*) Ah, Caroline! how little did I think, when I received this pledge from your hand—Now, Fortune, you have done your worst. Here, take it. (*gives the ring*)

ROHF. Where shall I move to?

COL. Where you will: the cheapest house will be the best; you will find me at the coffee-house hard by; take Warman's money from the landlord.

ROHF. Very well, Sir.

COL. (*coming back*) And bring your dog along with you; do you hear, Rohf? [*Exit Col.*]

ROHF. The dog wont stay behind, I'll warrant; but that is his business. Come, come, my very discerning landlord, we are not so low as we look. A good thought—to him, himself, will I pledge this ring, because I know he will burst with vexation, that it is not all eat up at his house. [*Exit Rohf.*]

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE I. *The BARONESS's Apartment—*

The BARONESS. LISETTA.

BARONESS.

WE have got up (*looking at her watch*) very early,
Lisetta.

LIS. Who the deuce can sleep in these large cities? the coaches, the watchmen, the drums, the cats, the corporals—in short, one hears nothing but rattling, bawling, beating, wawling, swearing, as if the night was made for every thing but sleeping.

BAR. Time will hang heavy on our hands.

LIS. Well then, to kill it, let us to the toilet, to choose the dress we mean to give the first assault in.

BAR. Why do you talk of assault, girl; when I only come here to demand the performance of the articles of capitulation?

LIS. Were the officer we dislodged here, and sent a compliment to, a proficient in politeness, he would have requested the honour of paying his respects; and that might occupy some part on't.

BAR. Ay, Lisetta, all officers are not Holbergs; but indeed the compliment was made, only to have an opportunity of making some inquiries about him. Lisetta, my heart tells me that I shall be successful, and find him here.

LIS. We must not trust too much to the heart; it is but too apt to get into the mouth, and were the mouth silly enough to say all it dictates, it would long since have been the fashion to wear padlocks at our lips.

BAR. A whimsical sort of a jewel, truly; and yet, there are times when I should have no great objection to it.

LIS. O Lord, no; better hide the finest set of teeth in the world, than let one's heart be every moment leaping over them.

BAR. Are you so discreet then?

LIS. Not I, my lady; one seldom, you know, speaks of the virtues one has; but of those one has not.

BAR. An excellent reflection, and puts me in mind of my Holberg.

LIS. And pray what does not?

BAR. Both friends and foes allow him to be the bravest, and most generous man alive; yet, who ever heard him talk of bravery or generosity? His sense of honour is delicate to a proverb. Yet honour is a word he ne'er makes use of.

LIS. What virtues does he speak of then?

BAR. Of none; for in none is he deficient.

LIS. Yet I have often heard him profess his truth and constancy to you. What, suppose he should be an inconstant?

BAR. Are you in earnest?

LIS. Why—how long is it since he wrote to you?

BAR. He has written but once since the peace.

(*sighs.*)

LIS. That sigh is no prayer for the peace-makers. But what did he say?

BAR. 'The peace,' said he, 'is concluded; and I consequently draw near to the accomplishment of all my wishes.'—But to write that to me but once, Lisetta!

18 THE DISBANDED OFFICER; or,

LIS. Ay, and to throw upon us the fatigues of so long a journey, "for the accomplishment of his wishes, "deserves"—but suppose he should have already accomplished his wishes, and we should find here that——

BAR. That he were dead? (*hastily*)

LIS. To you, my lady, in the arms of another.

BAR. No, Lifetta; I am not afraid of that—Holberg cannot violate the most trivial engagement to any one, much less a solemn contract with me, "the completion "of which only waited for my uncle's return from Italy." (*adjusting her dress at a looking glass*) No, I am not afraid of that, Lifetta. His regiment was disbanded at the peace; who knows into what other regiment, or distant province, he may be removed? who knows what circumstances——(*a knocking at the door*)

LIS. Somebody at the door.

BAR. Let them come in.

S C E N E II.

BARONESS. LISETTA. KATZENBUCKEL (*putting in his head*).

KATZ. Have I your ladyship's permission?

LIS. O, 'tis our landlord. Let your body have the goodness to follow your head, that the door may be shut.

KATZ. (*entering with a pen behind his ear, paper and ink in his hand*) I come, my lady, to wish you a very good morning; as likewise to you, my pretty maid.

LIS. A civil man this.

BAR. We thank you, Sir.

LIS. And wish you the same, Sir.

KATZ.

THE BARONESS OF BRUCHSAL. 19

KATZ. Dare I take the liberty of asking whether your ladyship has slept well under my poor roof?

LIS. The roof is well enough, but the beds might have been better.

KATZ. Should there be any thing that does not suit your ladyship, you have only to please to give your orders.

LIS. Ay, ay; I mean to do that presently.

KATZ. This done, I come at the same time——
(*taking the pen from behind his ear*)

LIS. Well, what now?

KATZ. Your ladyship knows, without doubt, the wise regulations of our police?

BAR. Not I, indeed, landlord.

KATZ. We, landlords, are forbid to lodge any stranger, of whatsoever rank or condition they may be, above four and twenty hours, without sending their names, their rank, their business, the probable length of their stay, and so forth, to the proper officers.

BAR. Very well.

KATZ. Your ladyship will therefore be pleased to——
(*seats himself at a table to write*)

BAR. Certainly: my name is——

KATZ. A moment's patience, if you please. (*writes*)
Berlin, 22d day of August, 17 &c. came to the Vulture——Now your name, if you please, my lady.

BAR. Baroness of Bruchsal.

KATZ. Of Bruchsal?—From whence, my lady?

BAR. From my estate in Saxony.

KATZ. Estate in Saxony—hum, Saxony——

LIS. Well, why not Saxony? Pray is it a crime, here in Prussia, to come out of Saxony?

KATZ. A crime! O Lord, no: that would be a new kind of a crime indeed! From Saxony, your ladyship. Saxony the fair, the free, the—ay, ay, Saxony: but Saxony is very large, and has many, what shall I call them, districts, provinces.—Our police is very particular, my lady.

BAR. I understand: from Thuringia, then.

KATZ. Thuringia, ay, ay, that will do (*writes and then reads*). The Baroness of Bruchsal, from her estate in Thuringia, with her woman and two servants.

LIS. Her woman! Meaning me, I suppose?

KATZ. Yes, my pretty maid.

LIS. Now, landlord, instead of woman, please to put down maid. The police is very particular, you know: "a mistake of that kind might spoil my marriage, and I might remain a maid, which is "not my intention." I was born upon her ladyship's estate, was brought up with her ladyship; we are both of one age, for next candlemas we shall both be one and twenty. My name is Lifetta, and my surname Willinger, "I should be happy that the police "should be so well acquainted with me, as to have no "room for any apprehensions upon my account."

KATZ. Very well, I shall set all that down by and by. But now, my lady, your business here?

BAR. My business!

KATZ. Ay; is your ladyship come to solicit any thing from his majesty?

BAR. Not I.

KATZ. Perhaps in our courts of law then?

BAR. No.

KATZ. Or——

BAR.

BAR. No, no: I come here upon my own private affairs.

KATZ. True, please your ladyship, but what may they be?

BAR. They are — Faith, Lifetta, I believe we shall be taken up.

LIS. Hark you, landlord, but it must go no further than the police; we are come to kidnap one of the King's officers.

BAR. Lifetta, are you out of your senses? Landlord, the madcap is jesting with you,

KATZ. Ay, ay, with me she may jest as much as she pleases, but not with the high and mighty police.

BAR. I'll tell you, landlord: I am quite a novice in such matters; suppose we were to defer your report till my uncle's arrival: he will be here before the four and twenty hours can expire, "and he will best know how much he must tell of his affairs, and what he may conceal." — Is his apartment ready?

LIS. Or have you some honest gentleman to turn out on't first?

BAR. Indeed, landlord, in such a case, you ought not to have taken us in. The person you have turned out on our account is, I hear, an officer,

KATZ. A disbanded one, my lady,

BAR. So much the worse; he is then unfortunate, and may deserve a better fate. The king cannot know the merit of all the people in his service.

KATZ. O yes, he does, he knows them all, all.

BAR. But then he can't reward them all.

KATZ. O yes, they all had reward enough during the war. But if they will live away in time of peace,

22 THE DISBANDED OFFICER; or,

we landlords must take heed. I might safely have let this Colonel run a month or two longer here, but 'tis as well as it is.—Apropos, your ladyship understands jewels, no doubt. I must shew your ladyship a beauty of a ring: (*taking the ring out*) look here, what fire! the middle stone weighs above five carats,

BAR. (*looking at the ring*) What do I see! That ring——

KATZ. Ay, that ring is worth to one's own brother 300 pistoles.

BAR. Look, Lisetta.

KATZ. I did not scruple a moment lending 80 on it.

BAR. Don't you recollect it?

KATZ. Madam!

LIS. The very same; on the inside of the setting is your cypher; look, my lady.

BAR. It is, it is: how came you by this ring, landlord?

KATZ. "That ring—very honestly," very honestly indeed, madam; my dear, sweet lady, do not bring me into trouble: many things may have changed masters during the war, without the consent of the original proprietors. I had it, I am sure, from a man I cannot suspect, from a very good man.

BAR. From the best man breathing, unless you measure his merit by his wealth. Quick, fly, bring him to me.

KATZ. Whom, my lady?

LIS. Why, don't you hear? Our Colonel.

KATZ. Colonel, yes he is a Colonel I had it from, and 'twas he lodged here, in this——

BAR. Here! Holberg lodged here! "He pledged
" this

THE BARONESS OF BRUCHSAL 23

"this ring to you!" How came he into such difficulties? Where is he? Is he in your debt? Lisetta, the casket (*Lisetta opens it*). Speak. Does he owe any one else? Here is money; here are notes; all are his, Where is he? Speak.

KATZ. He was here a little while ago.

BAR. Odious man! how could you treat him so unfriendly, so hardly, so cruelly?

KATZ. Your ladyship will pardon——

BAR. Quick, go, bring him here.

KATZ. I don't know where he is, but his servant is still here: would your ladyship please that I should go and fetch him?

BAR. I please! run, fly, and for that service I will forget how ill you have treated him.

KATZ. Madam I——

BAR. Quick, begone. (*pushes him out*)

S C E N E III.

BARONESS. LISETTA.

BAR. Now I have found him again, Lisetta,—— I am out of myself for joy;—rejoice with me, Lisetta, rejoice with me; take any thing you like. (*takes the box*) "Here, my dear Lisetta, buy whatever you fancy; if "that is not enough, take more, as much as you will."

LIS. It is robbery to take it: you are mad with joy.

BAR. Then, girl, I must have my way; take it, and, if you even thank me—stay, I am glad I thought on't: (*puts her hand again into the box*) put that by, my dear Lisetta, for the first poor disabled soldier that accosts us.

C 4.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

BARONESS. LISETTA. KATZENBUCKEL.

BAR. Well.

KATZ. An ill-conditioned, cross-grained——

BAR. Who?

KATZ. The Colonel's servant won't go for his master.

BAR. Bring him hither; when he sees us, he will not dispute going.

LIS. Ay, bring him here; I know all the Colonel's servants. [Exit Katzenbuckel.]

S C E N E V.

BARONESS. LISETTA.

BAR. I have not patience to wait a——why so serious, Lisetta? You do not participate in my joy, girl.

LIS. I would from the bottom of my heart, but——

BAR. What?

LIS. We have found him; but in what condition have we found him? By all we hear, things must have gone hardly with him—it grieves me——

BAR. Does it? does it grieve you? Let me embrace you, my dear companion: the man I love is unfortunate, and you feel——

S C E N E VI.

BARONESS. LISETTA. LANDLORD. ROHF.

KATZ. Here, I have brought him, but with much ado.

LIS. That is a face I do not know.

BAR. Friend, do you belong to Colonel Holberg?

ROHF.

THE BARONESS OF BRUCHSAL. 35

ROHF. Yes.

BAR. Where is your master?

ROHF. Gone.

BAR. But you know where to find him?

ROHF. Yes.

BAR. Will you then go directly, and bring him here?

ROHF. No.

BAR. You will oblige me greatly.

ROHF. May be so.

BAR. And render an important service to your master.

ROHF. And may be not.

BAR. Why should you suppose that?

ROHF. Are not you the foreign lady that sent to make him a compliment this morning?

BAR. Yes.

ROHF. Then I am right.

BAR. Does your master know then who I am?

ROHF. No, but he is just as fond of ladies that are too civil, as landlords that are too churlish.

KATZ. A fling at me, I suppose.

ROHF. Yes.

KATZ. Well, but don't let your resentment against me light upon her ladyship.

"BAR. Lisetta, give him something.

"LIS. Here."

ROHF. "No." My master ordered me to move his things; when I have done, I'll tell him that he may come, if he likes.—He is hard by at the coffee-house, and, if he finds no better amusement there, perhaps he may come here.

[Exit Rohf.]

LIS.

36 THE DISBANDED OFFICER; or,

LIS. That is the greatest brute!

KATZ. That is what I say: but never mind him; now I know where his master is, I will go myself and bring him——only I beseech your ladyship to make my excuses to the Colonel; that I have been so *unlucky* as to have been forced, contrary to my inclination, to have put a man of his great merit——

BAR. Yes, yes, any thing; but make haste.——

[*Exit Katzenbuckel, pushed out.*]

Lisetta, run after him; he must not let the Colonel know my name. [Exit Lisetta.]

S C E N E VII.

BARONESS.

Yes, yes, I have him again——“Am I alone? I will not lose the opportunity. (*folds her hands*) Neither “am I alone: (*looking upwards*)” A single grateful thought raised to Heaven is the most acceptable prayer.—I am thankful,—I am happy; and what can Heaven look down upon with greater pleasure than a happy creature! ———

Enter LISETTA.

What, back again, Lisetta! His situation grieves you, you say; but it rejoices me. Providence has surely taken all from him, to endear the hand that gives it back again; perhaps has schooled him in adversity, to enhance the uninterrupted happiness in which all our future days will flow: but to be myself the instrument, is a pleasure so beyond my hopes——

LIS. Madam, he may be here immediately, had you not better dress?

BAR. No, Lisetta: henceforward he will see me
oftener

THE BARONESS OF BRUCHSAL. 27

oftener so than dress; and, if it will not please a lover, it will not preserve a husband.

LIS. Ay, you understand yourself, my lady: those of us that are handsome, are never more so than in an undress. (*looking at her own dress.*)

BAR. I only wish to be handsome to my Holberg's eyes, but to be always so. 'Tis by using no art of any kind that I will make him love me, "when I no more am handsome," and secure my happiness through life in the heart of my husband. Oh! what rapturous bliss!

LIS. Compose yourself, my lady, I hear them coming.

BAR. Compose myself! what to receive him with coolness! No, Lisetta; no dissimulation to him that will to-morrow be my husband.

LIS. But the landlord.

BAR. Let the whole world know I love Holberg: I care not. [Exit Lisetta.]

S C E N E VIII.

BARONESS. COLONEL HOLBERG.

BAR. 'Tis he; my Holberg. (*running towards him.*)

COL. My Caroline! (*running towards her*) What can have brought you to Berlin?

BAR. What!—I have so fortunately found my Holberg——

COL. Unfortunately found.

BAR. Unfortunately!

COL. Yes, unfortunately: my joy at seeing you snatched me for a moment from the sense of my own degrading situation; but painful recollection drags my deluded fancy home again: and, O, my Caroline! for

I still must call you so,—ever since honour forbad the wretched Holberg from aspiring to the Baroness of Bruchsal, how have I striven to conquer my passion! and, just when I began to hope it might be possible, you appear.—

BAR. Tell me, do you still love me?

COL. Oh yes, yes, and ever shall.

BAR. And can you still love me, and be unfortunate! How often has Holberg told me his whole happiness was centered in his Caroline! and Caroline is here, Holberg,

COL. If you mean, Madam, by Holberg, the man you knew in Saxony, to whom the career of honour and fortune was open; who, though unworthy of the beautiful Caroline, durst look up to her, in hopes, through that ambition, to become daily less so: I am no longer that Holberg. No, Madam, I am the Holberg whose honour is tarnished, and fortune blighted: you were contracted to the former, would you marry the other?

BAR. Yes, O yes; for as I am determined to have one of them, why I must take the latter, till I can again find the former.

COL. You are merry, Madam.

BAR. And you too serious.

COL. I am sorry, Madam, I cannot join in your pleasantry.

BAR. And why can't you? Indeed, indeed, my dear Colonel, there is more wisdom in mirth than sorrow: the one blunts the weapons of misfortune, and the other adds poison to their points. You are disbanded; that is, you have now the liberty and leisure to be happy,
and

and I am relieved from the agonies of danger and separation. And, as to fortune, the money that my uncle has for you —

COL. None for me, Madam.

BAR. Yes, he has.

COL. Not for me, Madam. You may recollect, that the contribution exacted by his Majesty from the country of Thuringia was to be in money: the sum was large, the notice short, and the orders sent to me were rigorous, in case of failure; to prevent their execution, therefore, I was obliged to lend the province a considerable sum that was deficient.

BAR. Well do I remember it.

COL. The bond from the states I sent to the commissioners, at the peace, to be included in the public demand of debts from Saxony. 'Twas stopt; the manner in which it became due was suspected, and my asseverations that I had lent the money treated with derision. 'Tis this, not my dismissal, that galls my wounded honour.

BAR. If your country will not see your innocence, change it for mine, which adores your virtues. The generous action that lost you a few thousands, gained you the heart of Caroline; and, if you do not rate her love above the paltry sum, take it on the score of interest — sole heiress to my uncle, one of the richest noblemen in Saxony.

COL. No, Madam, no; the greatest name that Prussia can boast were barely worthy of the Baroness of Bruchsal. I am a poor, disgraced, dishonoured soldier, who loves you, but loves your honour too; and loves his own. Were I myself to cast a stain upon it, I should remain eternally unworthy. — We must part — Ah, Caroline, — farewell. (*going*)

I

BAR.

30 THE DISBANDED OFFICER; or,

BAR. Stay; whither are you going?

COL. From you; never, never more to see you—at least, till I can do it, without danger of committing a meanness, or suffering you to commit an indiscretion.

BAR. Stay, Holberg, I conjure you.

Enter LISETTA.

COL. I cannot, indeed, I cannot. Honour now prescribes the firm resolves of cool determination; but, when I look on you, passion takes fire at every charm, and melts my resolution into weakness. The agonies of death were nothing to such a parting: but farewell,—alas, perhaps for ever! *[Exit.*

BAR. Can it be Holberg leaves me thus? Holberg! He is gone—for ever: did he not say for ever? Now where are all my dreams of happiness? Oh Heavens, have mercy on the wretched Caroline!

LIS. For Heaven's sake, what can be the matter, Madam?

BAR. Holberg,—I cannot——

[Breaks from her in an agony of disorder, and exit.

LISETTA *manet.*

So, so; here has been a quarrel, and honour has been blowing the coals.—Well, this honour, that the men have got amongst them, is guilty of as many quarrels, and more bloodshed, than all the lawyers put together. Our honour is, thank Heaven, of a more pacific disposition, and yet it has its quarrels, “and scratched faces” too, sometimes—Well, I must go and put matters to rights again.

[Exit Lisetta]

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E, *as in the First Act, a Vestible*

WARMANS. ROHF.

ROHF.

O H, Mr. Serjeant Major, what, are you in town?

WAR. That I am; and don't care whether I ever go into the country again.

ROHF. Not go into the country!

WAR. No. Hark you; pray have you heard any thing lately about the Crimea?

ROHF. Crimea! who the deuce is she?

WAR. Why, fellow, I think you read the newspapers as little as the bible. Have you not heard that the Russians are going to take the Crimea, and destroy the Ottoman ports. Thank Heaven that a war has broke out somewhere: I have waited for it here long enough. I remain a farmer! No, Rohf, I have been a soldier, and a soldier I must be again. Hark you, I am going to the Crimea, to serve a campaign or two against the Turks.

ROHF. You!

WAR. Yes I. Our ancestors, like good Christians, fought the Turks, and so should we. Come, what say you, Rohf? There is, to be sure, not so much honour to be got by beating them as the French; but the Turks have their scymeters all studded with diamonds.

ROHF.

ROHF. And fine Damasco-blades to whip off a man's head before he can cry quarter. I don't budge; and you would not be so mad as to leave the pretty little farm you have bought.

WAR. No, no, my lad, I take that in my pocket: I've sold it man.

ROHF. Sold it!

WAR. Ay, and have brought the hundred ducats, I received as earnest, to the Colonel.

ROHF. And what is he to do with them?

WAR. Do with them! eat them, drink them, do what he will with them. He must have money, now they keep his own from him. Were I in his place, now, I should say, hang all I leave behind me, and beat my march to the Crimea with Paul Warmans. Odd's thunder! they must have heard in Crimea of Colonel Holberg, though they may not, perhaps, know any thing of his Serjeant Major, Paul Warmans. "Our affair at "Krakenhoufern, when our infantry on the right——

"ROHF. Ah, ha, ha, how was it? how was it?

"WAR. Peace, fool; such sublime thoughts are "above your standard, so, I won't throw my pearls "away." Here, take the money, and give it to the Colonel.

ROHF. You mean well, Warmans; but keep your ducats, and here, take back your 100 pistoles too; we will have none of your money.

WAR. What then, has the Colonel got any?

ROHF. No.

WAR. What does he live on, then?

ROHF. Upon credit, "till turned out of doors, and "then upon——" The Colonel is gone from here. Hark
you,

you, Warmans; we must punish this scoundrel of a landlord, who has turned him out of his house.

“WAR. Out of his house!—with all my heart, my lad.”

ROHF. Suppose we lay wait for him at night, as he comes from the cellar, and drub him soundly.

WAR. At night, two to one—no, that won’t do.

ROHF. Or, suppose we burn his house about his ears.

WAR. Burn his house—one may see, fellow, that you are only a camp servant, and no soldier.

ROHF. Of, what if we should play the devil with his daughter? to be sure she is horribly ugly.

WAR. Pooh, that is not now to do, perhaps; or if it is, you want no help. “But neither do I.” I’ll go and teach the rascal.—I think the devil has broke loose amongst them all.—But so much the better—so much the better—let us leave these scoundrels, and go to the Crimea, my Colonel. [Exit Warmans.]

S C E N E II.

ROHF.

I hate to come into this house; but I must deliver this letter from my master to the strange lady. I wish I were rid on’t; but I don’t like to converse with ladies; they are as fond of asking questions, as I am averse to answering any—so the door opens in the very nick, and out comes her ladyship—no, only her ladyship at second hand.

D

SCENE

S C E N E III.

LISETTA. ROHF.

LIS. (*speaking towards the door she comes from*) Don't be uneasy—I'll send immediately; (*sees Rohf*) here comes something, but nothing is to be made of such a brute.

ROHF. Your servant.

LIS. I don't want such a servant.

ROHF. Only a compliment, and compliments have seldom any meaning. I have a letter from my master to your lady.

LIS. (*snatching it*) Give it me.

ROHF. My master—my master, mind me, requests you will deliver it.

LIS. Well, what else?

ROHF. My master knowing, I suppose, that the way to the mistress lies through the maid, requests she would be so good as to grant him the pleasure of a few minutes conversation with her.

LIS. With me!

ROHF. With the maid; pardon me, if I call you out of your name; a quarter of an hour only—but alone—quite alone—he has something to say.

LIS. And I have a great deal to say to him too. Let him come.

ROHF. Yes; but when will it be most convenient to you? about dusk, I suppose.

LIS. Whenever he pleases. But where are all the Colonel's other servants? You were not with him in Saxony.

ROHF. I was then sick in the hospital.

LIS. What were you?

ROHF.

ROHF. His groom.

LIS. And what are you now?

ROHF. Every thing. I have now my choice of titles. His whole retinue stands in my shoes.

LIS. What the deuce could he see in your face, to keep you in particular?

ROHF. Honesty, perhaps.

LIS. He is but a bad servant that has nothing but honesty to recommend him. William, the valet, was quite another creature; where is he?

ROHF. Gone to make a tour; and he will cut a figure in his travels, for he has all my master's wardrobe to appear in.

LIS. He has not run away with it?

ROHF. No, no; but he was to have follow'd us from Nuremberg, and lost his way—that's all.

"LIS. A rascal!"

ROHF. Quite another creature than I am.

LIS. Well, but Philip; why did not the Colonel keep him? though he did not want a huntsman, he was a clever fellow, and could turn his hand to any thing.

ROHF. Oh yes, that he could; and so the Colonel recommended him to the commandant of Spandau.

LIS. To hunt in a citadel?

ROHF. Oh no, to trundle a wheel-barrow. Philip can turn his hand to any thing—a plot to take a few men over to the enemy. He is a clever fellow, but he was found out.

LIS. "The rogue." And Martin, the coachman?

ROHF. Gone to take a ride.

LIS. A ride!

ROHF. Yes; about a month ago, he rode to water

36 THE DISBANDED OFFICER; &c.

with my master's only remaining horse—'twas a restif beast, and—ran away with him.

“LIS. The villain!”

ROHF. My poor master will never perhaps get such a coachman again.

LIS. After that, I'm afraid to inquire after Frederick, the running footman.

ROHF. Oh, he is on the King's establishment for life.

LIS. What, in a royal household?

ROHF. In a prison royal. Fred. picked up some agreeable acquaintances, borrowed my master's name, and money sometimes; in short, was too genteel for my master; and since he left us, the police has taken such a liking to him, that it spares no pains to keep him from over-heating himself by hard running. He was an excellent runner, to be sure; but there is no running against destiny. He was born for a more elevated situation.

LIS. Oh, the wretch!

ROHF. So, Mr. William, and Philip, and Martin, and Frederick, were all your friends and acquaintances, Madam. And so Rohf begs to be off, without saying your servant.

[Exit Rohf.]

S C E N E IV.

LISSETTA.

I deserve that—thank you, Rohf—I did indeed set too little value upon honesty. Who the deuce have we here? somebody for the Colonel, by the uniform.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

WARMANS. LISETTA.

WAR. So, while I went to seek the scoundrel, Rohf is gone, and I forgot to ask him where the Colonel is.

LIS. Do you seek Colonel Holberg?

WAR. Yes, my pretty lass; do you know him?

LIS. Yes; and esteem him too.

WAR. Do you? why then I esteem you. Look you, I thought you a pretty girl, at first look; now you are twice as pretty. But pray did this scoundrel of a landlord turn the Colonel out of his apartment?

LIS. He did, indeed.

WAR. And the numskull really thought that the Colonel had no money?

LIS. Why has he any?

WAR. Heaps, He does not know himself how much he has, nor who owes him. I myself do for one; and am now come to pay him a little balance. Look here are an hundred pistoles of his in this bag, and an hundred ducats in this rouleau.

LIS. Indeed! why then has he pledged a ring?

WAR. Pledged—don't believe it—some bauble—he no longer cared for.

LIS. No, no; 'twas no bauble; but a very costly ring; and came to him from hands——

WAR. So, so; that will be the case—from hands——ay, ay; such things frequently put a man in mind of what he wishes to forget; and then he parts with them to put them out of sight.

LIS. How!

38 THE DISBANDED OFFICER; or,

WAR. Strange things happen to a foldier in winter quarters : not having any thing to do there, he makes acquaintances, which he means, like his chamber fire, to last only for the winter ; but which the kind soul, with whom he makes it, imagines is to last for life—then whip, he finds a ring upon his finger ; he scarcely knows how it got there ; and frequently would give the finger to get quit of it again.

LIS. Pray have such things ever happened to the Colonel ?

WAR. Ay, certainly ; especially in Saxony : there, look you, had he had ten fingers on each hand, he would have had all the twenty full of rings.

LIS. Indeed!—will you wait for me a few minutes, till I deliver this letter to my lady ? I would fain have a little more chat with you.

S C E N E VI.

WARMANS *solus.*

A fine girl—true ; but I ought not to have promised her to wait. I must go and seek the Colonel—he would rather pledge his things than take my money—ay, that is like him now.—How shall I make him—I have it—Captain Marloff's widow was saying, the last time I saw her, that she did not know how to pay the Colonel what her husband owed him : when I called to-day, to promise her the loan of five hundred crowns, she was gone, and I dare swear has not been able to pay—that will do—'tis a pretty, sweet, charming girl, to be sure ; but the Colonel— (*going off musing, meets the Colonel.*)

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

COLONEL. WARMANS.

COL. Warmans!

WAR. Oh, Colonel, I was just seeking you, to thank you for the care you have taken of my money. Rohf has given it me again; and as you, in case of any accident, must make it good, I cannot ask you, now you are in strange quarters, to take charge on't any longer.

COL. (*smiling*) But pray how long are you become so circumspect?

WAR. One cannot now a-days look too sharp after one's money—but this is not all I had to say. Here, Captain Marloff's widow has sent you an hundred ducats, in part of what her husband owed you, and will send you the remainder next week.

COL. Warmans!

WAR. Well, why don't you take it?

COL. Good Heavens! the best people seem combined to-day to plague me most.

WAR. Sir!

COL. Warmans, when I tell you, that the Captain's widow has been here this morning——

WAR. The devil she has!

COL. And that the debt is all acquitted, what will you say then?

WAR. Say, that I have told a lie, which is very foolish; as a man that is not in the practice, is sure to be detected.

COL. And won't you blush?

WAR. Yes, but what will he do that compelled

me to such an artifice? Look you, Colonel, were I to say, that I don't know and feel for your situation, I should tell another lie, and I have no luck at a lie, you see.

COL. Warmans, I know your affection, but——

WAR. You would rather sell, pawn, and make yourself the town-talk for a dirty world, than oblige a friend, by borrowing his money.

COL. I cannot, 'tis out of character.

WAR. Out of character—not a bit. On a sultry day, when both the sun and the enemy had set us in a glow, your groom was missing with your canteen; you came to me—Warmans, says you, have you any thing to drink?—I reached my flask—you drank—did you not? was that out of character? Yet, on my soul, a draught of ditch water at that moment was of more value than such trash at present: take it then, my dear Colonel, and look upon it as water sent for the general use of mankind.

COL. I have told you, that I will not be your debtor,

WAR. At first 'twas out of character; you could not; now you will not; that alters the case (*angrily*). You will not be my debtor—are you not already then my debtor?

COL. I your debtor!

WAR. Yes you. Or do you owe nothing to the man, who once took off from you the stroke that would have cleft you down: and another time lopped of an arm just levelling a piece to pour inevitable death into your bosom?—What can make you more in debt, unless that life be of less value than this trumpery?

COL. Warmans, we are alone; 'tis well we are:
the

the presence of a third person would render such discourse insufferable boasting. Yes, I with pleasure acknowledge, that I twice have owed my life to you : But what, friend, has been ever wanting on my side, to have done full as much for you ?

WAR. Only the opportunity, my brave Colonel ; but do not grudge me an opportunity—take this.

COL. Warmans, why will you not understand me ? I say, it is improper I should be your debtor, at least so situated as I am at present.

WAR. That is, you will reserve my purse 'till you have no occasion to borrow ; or I no money left to lend you.

COL. You have, yourself, occasion for your money.

WAR. None—whoever wants a Serjeant Major will give him subsistence.

COL. You have, to raise you to a level with your merit, since I cannot,

WAR. I have no views beyond my station ; and scorn promotion that is no reward. In short, at present I have no need of money ; you have ; your affairs must soon be settled, and then you shall repay with interest—I lend it you on interest,

COL. No more, I'll not hear of it.

WAR. On my soul, it is on interest that I lend it. What, thought I often to myself—what will become of thee, Warmans, in thy old age, when many years and many wounds have made an halbert too heavy for thy hand—when thou hast nothing left, and when thou must shame the honour of thy former life and go a begging ? No, thou shalt not go a begging, thought I ; thou shalt go to Colonel Holberg ; he will share
his

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his utmost penny with thee—thou shalt bask in his better fortune—shed thy grey hairs unfulfilled by disgrace; and be borne to an honourable grave, as becomes an old soldier.

COL. Well, comrade (*snatching his hand*), and don't you think so still?

WAR. No, not now; he that will not accept from me when he wants, and I have—will not give me, when he has, and I want—but since it must be so, it must. (*going.*)

COL. Do not drive me to madness! (*holds him*) If I assure you upon my honour, that I have money for the present—if I assure you, that, when I want, you shall be the first person I apply to, will you be satisfied?

WAR. Yes, give me your hand upon it.

COL. Here Paul—and now say no more.

S C E N E VIII.

COLONEL. WARMANS. LISETTA.

LIS. What still here, Mr. Serjeant? (*sees the Colonel*) and you too, Colonel? I'll be with you in an instant. (*runs back*)

COL. That is the person I came to speak to. Why you seem acquainted, Warmans.

WAR. Oh, yes.

COL. And yet you were not with me in Thuringia.

WAR. No, I was at Leipzig about the accoutrements then making. Our acquaintance, indeed, is not many minutes old; but new friendships are warm, they say.—

say.—Oh, here she comes again. (*Re-enter Lifetta with a letter.*)

COL. My dear Lifetta, have you given the Baroness my letter?

LIS. Yes, and here return——

COL. An answer?

LIS. No, your own letter. (*gives it.*)

COL. She would not read it?

LIS. O la! yes willingly; but we can't read written hand, do you see, and so——

COL. Do not jest with my misery; she must read it.

LIS. I don't jest—Your's is such a cramped hand, that she desires you will come and read it for her—to explain any thing we should not understand.

COL. That every word, every look, every smile may make me feel the immensity of my loss—Has she no pity to kill me with——

LIS. Pity, no none; she's now dressing; but expects you to come and be killed precisely at eleven o'clock. Well, but you had something to say to me in private—I beg pardon, we are not in private.

COL. Sufficiently so, “had I any thing to say; but “since your lady has not read my letter.”

LIS. Sufficiently so!—What do you keep no secrets from the Serjeant, then?

COL. No, none.

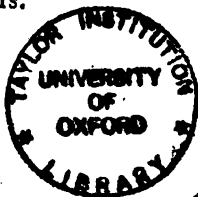
LIS. And yet methinks you should.

COL. Why so?

WAR. Ay, why so, my pretty lass?

LIS. Especially secrets of a certain kind—twenty and all full, Mr. Serjeant.

WAR. Hush! hush! my sweet creature.



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LIS. Whip they're on his finger, Mr. Serjeant,
(*as putting on a ring.*)

COL. Why, what's the matter?

WAR. Hush! hush! my sweet girl; fare you
understand a joke better.

COL. Fy, Warmans, I am afraid——

LIS. Well, if it was only a joke, I will forgive
it; provided you promise never to joke so again.

COL. I'll answer for him.

LIS. Very well, only don't let *him* answer for you;
fare you well.

COL. But if I must come, Lifetta, let her at least
read my letter previous to my coming—do give it her,
'twill save—'tis open!

LIS. La, so it is!—who the deuce can have broke it
open? But *indeed* we have not read it, and *won't*, we are
determined, 'till the writer comes himself. Do come,
Colonel—and hark you—don't come in boots, with
your hair unpowdered and about your ears—but make
yourself smart and spruce; you are a little too terrible,
too Prussian at present.

COL. I will—Come, Warmans.

WAR. Directly—I want only one word with——

COL. With whom, Lifetta? (*aside*) “I don't dislike
“that.” (*aloud*) Well, you'll follow then.

WAR. Immediately.

S C E N E IX.

LIS. Well, Mr. Serjeant, twenty fingers, and all
full of rings—Heavens preserve us!

WAR. Nay, prithee no more of that, 'twas all a
joke, I tell you. I would rather give a ring to such a
sweet

THE BARONESS OF BRUCHSAL. 45

sweet girl as you, than get twenty, though they were all diamonds. Shall I come drest too, as well as the Colonel?

LIS. Come as you please, and my eyes will not be offended: but for that very reason, my ears must be more upon their guard, you are so apt to joke.

WAR. You may believe me; for he is a scoundrel, and no soldier, that would deceive so sweet a maid. I must hasten after the Colonel, for I don't know where he quarters—God-be-w'ye. (*kisses her hand.*)

LIS. The like to you, Mr. Serjeant. (*Exit War-mans*) What a hearty smack!—Well, I begin to fear, with the rest of my country-folks, that these Prussians are irresistible. [*Exit Lisetta.*]

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A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

BARONESS. LISETTA.

LIS. Make him marry you, do you say?

BAR. Yes, this day, before the arrival of my uncle.

LIS. In the character of an eloped, disinherited—
“Lord, ’twill never do—a man, to whom the bride’s
“poverty is held out as an inducement to matrimony,
“will make as much haste as a child, when it is told to
“come and be whipt.”

46 THE DISBANDED OFFICER; or,

BAR. Holberg, you'll allow, is an exception; his whole letter breathes such a noble soul, that his very refusal endears him still the more—A man of honour and sentiments——

LIS. Honour and sentiments! dear Ma'am, what man can brave the ridicule of being half a century behind the fashion?

BAR. He can—I know him, Lisetta; he that now refuses the rich Baronefs, would contend against the whole world for his Caroline, when poor enough to stand in need of his assistance.

LIS. Pray does he owe these encomiums to the good opinion you have of him, or——

BAR. Or myself, out with it.

LIS. Well then—'tis out.

BAR. Why both, perhaps.

LIS. But what opinion will your uncle have? Won't he be apt to think you very eager for a husband, that you could not wait a few hours till his arrival—and may not he make the jest too true for us to laugh at?

BAR. No, Lisetta—my uncle will be the first to laugh at the jest when successful; but he is proud—hates the Prussians—and should he arrive before we have lured Holberg from this eagle-flight, he will interpret the word *honour* in our Colonel's refusal by the word *contempt*, and break off the match, perhaps, for ever. Holberg, on the other hand, is resolute——

LIS. The strength of his resolution is rather dubious, I think, when he doubts of it himself;—give him only more line, my lady.

BAR. How can I?—my uncle——

LIS.

THE BARONESS OF BRUCHSAL. 47

LIS. Will settle his whole estate upon you. Can any mortal resist a Danae and a golden shower together?

BAR. You mistake his character, Lisetta: that honour, which love now lays almost asleep in his intercourse with us, will be awakened by pride at the arrival of the Count—Yes, I am sure I am right; so mind your cues, girl.

LIS. Well, my lady—I advise you—

BAR. Then pray don't advise me; for nothing is more troublesome than advice one has determined not to take. Come, I will make an agreement with you. Let me manage as I please with my Colonel, and you shall manage just as you please with your Serjeant.

LIS. My Serjeant!

BAR. Oh! if you deny it so seriously, it is past a jest. I have not seen him yet; but from every word I have heard you say of him, I could tell by the cards who will be your husband.

LIS. Like all those who pretend to tell fortunes, I am afraid you cannot tell your own: and here comes the Colonel to prove it.

S C E N E II.

BARONESS. LISETTA. COLONEL.

BAR. Ah! Colonel, are you here?

COL. Yes, Madam, I am come to beg you would—

BAR. Pardon your late behaviour—'tis well you were so quick in asking it: if you had not, I should have been very slow in granting it, I can tell you; for I am very angry; (*smiling*) nay, I am—

COL.

COL. I am sorry for it—but——

BAR. Well, well; if you are sorry for it, I must forgive it, I believe. (*holds out her hand for him to kiss: he hesitates, but does it.*) Well, what now?

COL. Oh, my Caroline! had you but read my letter.

BAR. Your letter—Oh! ay, I should have read it, to be sure—What became of it, Lifetta? But you can tell me what it was you wrote.

COL. What honour dictated?

BAR. Which must have been, that you would never abandon a woman of honour, whose affections you had engaged. Well, well; I would rather hear you tell me all that.

COL. Madam, I meant to tell you, that our separation must be imputed, not to me, but to inevitable fate; which calls you to the enjoyment of every happiness friends, fortune, and your country can afford; while it fixes me here, to suffer the extreme of wretchedness in vindication of my injured honour; for if it does not receive the fullest reparation——

BAR. But Holberg——

COL. If I lov'd you less, Madam.

BAR. Holberg, talk no more of love: you are the slave of honour, and know not what love is. I have loved indeed; for never, till your cooler reason shewed me how dishonourable it was to involve the object of one's affection in our misfortunes, did I reflect upon my own condition; but now you have convinced me that I never can be yours.

COL. Madam!

BAR.

THE BARONESS OF BRUCHSAL. 49

BAR. Yes, I will not be behind-hand with you in dignity of sentiment, tho' my love is stronger. Your misfortunes are only probable; mine are certain.

COL. Your misfortunes!

BAR. Yes, Sir, my misfortunes; but perhaps you have already heard of them—Oh, Holberg! I could have borne all, but such a reception from the man I loved! So unexpected a change in your sentiments, strikes more than—

COL. By heavens!—

BAR. Nay, do not swear—how often have you sworn—but I will not complain—No, I acquiesce in the necessity of cancelling our engagements—Oh! fare you well. (*going*)

COL. Stay, Caroline—my dear Caroline, whither are you going?

BAR. To hide the tears I cannot stop.

COL. Hear me, my love.

BAR. No, no! I have heard too much—may you be happy in the accomplishment of your pursuits—may you be happy, and forget the wretched Caroline; whom you have made so. [*Exit Bar.*]

S C E N E III.

COLONEL. LISETTA.

COL. Her tears—Caroline! (*going after her*)

LIS. Hold, Colonel! not rush into a lady's chamber, I hope.

COL. Misfortunes, did not she say?

LIS. Certainly; the misfortune of losing you after—

COL. After what?

LIS. Why after sacrificing every thing for you?

E

COL.

50 THE DISBANDED OFFICER; or,

COL. For me? How, how? speak, explain——

LIS. Why should I conceal the affair, since it cannot be concealed much longer, if you do not already know it: we have eloped. The Count, her uncle, detesting every thing that was Prussian, at his return from Italy, objected to you—she persisted; he made another match, which she refused; a quarrel was the consequence. He has disinherited her; the neglect and contempt of all her acquaintance followed—What could we do—but seek the man through whom——

COL. Enough; I have heard enough: Come, let me throw myself at her feet. I must see her.

LIS. If you are determined to see her again, stay here a little; she did intend going out, and the coach is ready at the door: I will go, and put her in mind of it. (*aside*) 'Twill do—Well, these men are but weak vessels, with all their boasted strength. [*Exit Lisetta.*

S C E N E IV.

COLONEL.

How have I injured the sweet, the angelic creature, who has suffered so much upon my account! But I will ask pardon, and she will grant it: yes, I know she will; and I will redouble my attention to her happiness, that she may never recollect her loss—but here she comes; how lovely!

S C E N E V.

BARONESS. COLONEL. LISETTA.

BAR. (*feigning not to see the Colonel*) The carriage come? My fan, Lisetta.

COL. Whither are you going?

BAR. (*affecting coldness*) Out, Colonel, and I have trespass-
2
passed

THE BARONESS OF BRUCHSAL

passed on my hour, I believe: you will excuse me, Sir.
(*court'feying.*)

COL. (*stepping between her and the door*) Can it be true, that I have heard my Caroline? I am not worthy of so much affection, but——

BAR. So, Lisetta, I perceive how well you deserve my confidence.

LIS. Confidence! La, Madam, it can be no secret, that has been done so publickly.

COL. Let all resentment cease: forgive me, my lovely creature, some expressions addressed to your supposed pre-eminence, and not to you: yet was it well done to distrust the man who loves you above——but no more of that; perhaps you would not aggravate my misfortunes by so sudden a recital of your own. Love finds a thousand fond excuses in my breast; and does it not in yours, my Caroline?

BAR. Were I to feign indifference, it is so foreign to my temper, that every eye would penetrate the thin disguise. I love you still, and loving still, am but the more determined not to add to your misfortunes. My fate calls me to some obscure asylum; yours fixes you here to face your accusers, and brave the extreme of misery, in vindication of your injured honour,

COL. So I thought and spoke, while resentment so clouded my reason, that Love itself could not pervade the gloom; but its sister, Pity, with the more keen sense of another's anguish, soon opened every avenue to the warm beams of tenderness. Through me, Caroline, you have lost fortune, friends, and country; through me you must regain them; 'tis a debt I owe the world and you.

BAR. But our present situation.

52 THE DISBANDED OFFICER; or,

COL. It is our present situation I consider. We loved when both were prosperous, and let us do so still, when we are both unfortunate; equality is still the firmest bond of love. Oh, if my Caroline but loved as I do, I should be to her what she is to me, a full atonement for all that fortune can deprive us of.

BAR. Why will you——

LIS. (*aside to the Colonel*) She relents; now is your time.

COL. You have given yourself to me by the most sacred contract; I call upon you now for the performance; do but name the day, and I will not stay here an hour beyond it.

LIS. The day! (*aside to the Colonel*) Are you mad? To-day, this very hour, this very minute: she may relapse.

COL. Since fortune has made bankrupt every fund of happiness, but love, ah, why delay to put *that* at least beyond the power of her malice? Let me entreat you this very day to——

BAR. To-day! 'tis too soon, 'tis too late, 'tis too——

COL. It never can be too late, or too early, to be happy: you must consent.

BAR. How weak are women's resolutions! I can refuse you nothing.

COL. Then I am blest indeed; (*kissing her hand*) in a few minutes, I'll be here again, to conduct you as my bride to the solemnization of our marriage. Adieu till then, my lovely, lovely Caroline.

S C E N E VI.

BARONESS. LISETTA.

BAR. Give me joy, girl.

LIS. Of beggary, madam?

BAR. Ay, was it not an excellent scheme?

LIS;

THE BARONESS OF BRUCHSAL. 53.

LIS. Why it was begging a husband, say the best on't; and I that have not your ladyship's purse, would be loath to do that before I were six and twenty by my own reckoning.

BAR. Don't be too positive of that, before you are in danger of losing the man you like; in that case, you would do exactly what I have done.

LIS. No, indeed I would not.

BAR. You would not, Lisetta?

LIS. Lord, no, ma'am. "Poor gingerbread, to make it marketable, requires gilding on the outside, though "rich cake does not." Heyday! what strange animal has bad weather sent us here?

S C E N E VII.

BARONESS. LISETTA. COUNT BELLAIR.

BELL. (*without*) Le maudit impertinent!

BAR. Some person to the Colonel.

BELL. (*enters with spots on his clothes, as if splashed; he dances in, brushing his clothes, and not looking at the ladies*) Dere has happen me one great malheur, my dear Colonel, I take a die liberté.

LIS. What rare feather is this bird of, that he plumes himself so much upon it?

BELL. (*putting up his brush, looking on his clothes and dancing up to the Baronefs*) Ah ça, suffer at present, dat, I embrace you. (*opens his arms as to embrace the Baronefs.*)

BAR. Sir!

BELL. Ah, mon Dieu! I not right; (*looking about*) Madame, I beg one million of pardon; I—mais oui, dis is son appartement.

54 THE DISBANDED OFFICER ; or,

BAR. The Colonel is juſt gone down ſtairs, Sir ; I wonder you did not meet him.

BELL. Eh non, I no meet him, I come up die oder eſcalier ; mais Mademoiſelle be perhaps die ſiſter of de Colonel ?

BAR. No, Sir,

BELL. His couſine, au moins ?

BAR. No, Sir,

BELL. Ah ha ! he is marri widout annonce us, or peut-être——

BAR. Sir !—What the deuce ſhall I ſay to him ? You may ſtill overtake the Colonel, Sir ; he cannot be far.

BELL. Mademoiſelle is not of dis contrée, or très affurement I will have die honneur to be acquaint ?

BAR. No, Sir.

BELL. Françoisſe, peut-être ?

BAR. No, Sir, I am German.

BELL. Mademoiſelle, I make to you my compliments, mais you are ſo degagée, ſo manierée, ſo well dreſt, ſo pretty, dat I take you for my compatriote, im-poſſible you be German ; eh, ſie den, it no can be.

BAR. Sir, I hope——(*angrily*)

BELL. Parblieu, what fool I am ! I mean German of dis contrée, oh ! in Vienne, dat is quite another tingue.

BAR. I am not from Vienna, Sir,

BELL. Of Baviere, peut-être ?

BAR. No, Sir.

BELL. Nor of Weſtphalie ?

BAR. No, Sir,

BELL. Nor die Palatinate ?

BAR. No, Sir,

BELL,

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BELL. Ni of die Saxony ?

BAR. Yes, Sir.

BELL. Oh, vraiment, I was sure of dat ; die Saxon ladie be de loffy angel, au reste. Di Elec-teur should in my advice, to conquer his enemies, have raise one armie of die ladie ; but den dey be no invincibles non plus. I have di honneur to serve di Kingue two campaigns, and assiste in all the great actions he did do dere ; but tho' of di vainqueur, Mademoiselle, I was captif all de time I was be dere. O dey are sharming pour cela. I make to de Colonel my felicitations, Mademoiselle ; ah, how aimable you be ! die beauty feature, die fine hair, die eye so full fire, die shape so degagée ; ah, you be so ravishing, Mademoiselle ! (*taking hold of her hand.*)

BAR. Sir ! (*withdrawing it.*)

LIS. Perhaps, Sir, you had something to say to the Colonel ; her Ladyship will see him presently.

BELL. Her Ladyship ! diable ! (*aside*) Eh yes, my pritt enfant, I have a great deal for say him. I come from di levee du ministre, and as I run here, one German brutal run bru against me, and put me in di terrible condition dat you see ; mais my great malheur is, I have no di tems to take satisfaction immediately ; for if he kill me, I no come perhaps to tell die news to mon cher Colonel, who will do me di honneur de m'accompagner in one little half hour, sous di rampart, to——

BAR. To a duel, Sir ?

BELL. Duel ! eh que non, Mademoiselle ? Di Kingue have forbid die duel, très expressement, only to a ren-contre, mi lady.

BAR. Oh heavens !

BELL. Peste que je suis bête ! No, no, your Lady-

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ship : it be no necessaire dat de Colonel come. It be one complimen I make some oder friend ; but in case I be kill, tell him I very happy—all his affairs are make up quite à son avantage ; de Kingue have restore him all, all : but I beg pardon, I have no time to say no more ; I mufs make hafte and drefs me for my rendezvous, lest I have le malheur to be found after my death in this dirty condition. I am au defespoir dat I no can have one entretien more long, wid one so aimable ladie. I kifs your hand tousand time. Jusqu' à revoir. (*going out, turns his head*) Mais, vat your name, Madame ? (*goes dancing off, without waiting the end of her answer.*)

BAR. Bruchsal. Whom shall I tell the Colonel—He is already out of hearing. Was there ever such a strange mixture of politeness and impertinence, vivacity and sang froid, good nature and irritability ? What will be the consequence ?

LIS. That he will go home, put on a clean pair of stockings, and then dance off a contrary way to his appointment.

BAR. But you hear he is the Colonel's friend, Lisetta.

LIS. We have not heard that from the Colonel, Madam.

BAR. Would he were come, to prevent any mischief.

LIS. Would he were come for a much better employment. Now I *may* give you joy ; for whatever you may think, your uncle won't be displeased that the Colonel's circumstances are no worse than he thought them.—You may prosecute your scheme with safety.

BAR. But my uncle may think me very eager for a
husband,

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husband, that I could not stay a few hours till his arrival.

LIS. Heyday, the wind is changed; sure such a light puff as that Frenchman could not turn the weathercock! Don't you intend to be married, then, my lady?

BAR. I don't know; not to-day, perhaps.

LIS. Not to-day?

BAR. To reduce me, by his obstinate pride, to the necessity of——'Gad if I thought the Frenchman's news were true, how I would punish him.

LIS. Punish, a fig's end. You may do that afterwards; you will have it more in your power——stick now——

BAR. To our agreement, Lifetta.

LIS. Well, that was to tell lies to the Colonel; not to hold my tongue to you, I hope.

BAR. Not to give advice, remember.

LIS. I had rather it had not been to take it. But, my lady, you should be in white; won't you change your dress?

BAR. No.

LIS. No; that's ominous, indeed. If I were so near the moment of matrimony, no would be the last word I should think of. What can she have in her head?

BAR. I wish the Colonel were come.

LIS. That is a good sign, however; and yet, a woman may be as impatient for an opportunity of tormenting her lover, as of pleasing herself.

BAR. Hark! no, 'tis nobody. I confess I know
not

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not whether to proceed, or (*aside*)—Where can the Colonel stay, I wonder.

LIS. Madam, the dressing-room window overlooks the street; let us go and look out for him.

BAR. Very well; but I shan't change my dress for all that.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

COLONEL, *and afterwards* WARMANS.

COLONEL.

SO—all is ready to make me the happiest of—
Ah, Warmans! the very man that I was wishing for.

WAR. And I am out of breath with seeking you.
I have excellent news for you.

COL. I don't want news; I want money, man.
Quick, quick; give me what you have; and then endeavour to get as much more as you can.

WAR. Well, did not I say now, that he would not deign to borrow, till he could repay with the right hand, what he borrow'd with the left?

COL. Pooh; don't trifle, Warmans; I am in haste.
Heaven knows when I shall be able to repay you.
But——

WAR. I don't trifle; the Treasury has orders to pay you all demands upon it.

COL. Who told you so?

WAR. Comte Bellair,

COL. Bellair wishes it, as you do, Warmans:—
that's all.

WAR. Wishes it! he knows it, Sir; and would have come again to tell it himself; but that he is just now put under an arrest, to prevent another duel.

COL.

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COL. Another duel!—nothing but age, I see, will felloe the petulance of that sparkling champaigne; and as to his news, were it true, should not I have been the first acquainted with it?—In short—money, lad, money.

WAR. With all my heart; there are the hundred pistoles; and here are the hundred ducats.

COL. Warmans, take the hundred pistoles to Rohf. He must go immediately, and redeem the ring I pledged this morning. I would not have it known that I had parted with it a moment for millions. You see, Warmans, that I have recourse to you, and to you only: but I shall want a great deal more.

WAR. Leave that to me: for a small discount, I can get the purchase-money of my farm immediately.

COL. That's well, for—but I must let you into the whole business. The Baroness you may have seen here, is in great distress.

WAR. Indeed! that is terrible.

COL. But in a few minutes, she is to be my wife.

WAR. Indeed! that's delightful.

COL. And in a few days I will go from hence. Who knows what fortune may await elsewhere? Come, share it with me, Warmans; we will go into some foreign service.

WAR. Shall we, shall we, indeed? but where, Colonel, where?

COL. Where—why—but we will talk of that another time.

WAR. Oh, my dear Colonel, let us go to-morrow: or why not to-day. I'll soon gather all our little baggage

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baggage together, Colonel! there is a charming war a going to be in the Crimea; what do you think on't?

COL. Why, I will think on't. But now go, War-mans——

WAR. Huzza! to the Crimea, march, my lads.

S C E N E II.

COLONEL.

What a sensation! my whole soul is on the wing. My own misfortunes struck me below myself: her misfortunes elevate me. I look round with alacrity, and feel, in myself, both resolution and abilities, equal to the greatest undertakings. But I lose time——by this I shall find her waiting in her bride's attire; for women, in every situation, attend to dress. This coat must serve for me; (*looking at his coat*) the soldier whose fortune hangs in his sword-knot, must make honour an economy, and economy an honour.——Oh! here they come.

S C E N E III.

HOLBERG. BARONESS. LISETTA.

COL. Come away, my lovely bride; let us make haste.

BAR. There is no need to hurry.

COL. Are not you ready, then?

BAR. Not quite. Pray have not you a friend, an officer, who is a Frenchman?

COL. An officer! a Frenchman! what is that to the present business?

LISETTA.

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Lrs. A finical, dressing, dancing, fencing, chattering, insignificant—I am sure, you don't know him, I am sure, you don't.

COL. Not by that description.

Lrs. There, my lady; did not I tell your so, now?

BAR. Hold your tongue, Lisetta. Who served with you two campaigns in Saxony?

COL. Oh, ho! Bellair, perhaps. If so, Lisetta, you do my friend injustice; many a plant of manly virtue lies hid among the weeds of vanity and vivacity, in the breast of a young Frenchman; and those very qualities that render him the terror of society till twenty-five, make him frequently the idol of society at five and thirty. Bellair, in white gloves, is as brave as Achilles in impenetrable armour; and, for his honour—save where the fair sex are concerned——

BAR. And his veracity?

COL. Is unimpeachable, where vanity can give it no wrong bias.

BAR. Then fly to save your friend; he is gone to fight a duel, and partly upon your account.

COL. Be under no anxiety, his fighting is prevented; but come, let's haste to church.

BAR. My dress——

COL. Is so becoming, none could wish it changed.

BAR. The carriage is not ready.

COL. Not ready! 'twas at the door, when I went hence just now.

BAR. But the coachman is taken——oh! no, the harness is broke.

COL. Lisetta, let them call a hackney-coach then.

BAR. Not yet, Lisetta.

COL.

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COL. Heavens! what can you mean, Madam?

BAR. I mean, that—we are interrupted.

S C E N E IV.

COLONEL. BARONESS. LISETTA. A KING'S

MESSENGER.

COL. Whom seek you, Sir?

MESS. Sir, I have a letter to deliver to you, from his Majesty; and being in his own hand writing, I hope I may congratulate you on its contents.

COL. Indeed!

MESS. You should have had it yesterday; but the messenger who first had charge of it from Potsdam met with an accident, and it did not come into my hands, 'till late this morning. I assure you, Sir, I have made all the haste I could to find you.

COL. I am obliged to you for the trouble you have taken—accept—(*gives money.*)

MESS. I Lord! no, Sir; sure, Sir, 'tis but my duty; there is no occasion for that, Sir; O thank you, Sir.

[*Takes the money and exit.*]

COL. Ah! my Caroline, the contents of this will seal our fate—but be it what it may—(*determined—opens and reads.*)

BAR. Mark his countenance, Lisetta; 'tis all true, girl.

LIS. Yes, thank Heaven; but pray——

BAR. Pray be quiet, once more.

COL. Hah! This is indeed like Frederick the Great!

Oh,

Oh, my Caroline, what royal justice ! what royal favour ! more than expected, more than merited ; my fortune, honour, all is repaired again. Sure it is no fascination of my eyes ; read it you, Caroline.

BAR. Sir, I am not so impertinent.

COL. Impertinent ! why the letter is to your Holberg, Caroline, and contains what your uncle cannot take away. You must read it. My sovereign——

BAR. Is a great, a good man : but what is that to me ? he is not my sovereign.

COL. And what do you infer ?

BAR. Why, that you will return into his service, have a regiment, be a general perhaps : I congratulate you.

COL. No, my love, since fortune has put my situation once more into my choice, it shall depend on my lovely bride, whether I ever enter into any service but her own. A long farewell to all ambition : this very hour shall make us one.——

BAR. No, Sir ; go follow your better fortune. Honour calls, a monarch invites you : but I recommend the paths of honour, without intending to accompany you.—Accompany did I say ! no, clog not your progress with a poor Saxon runaway ; who, it is evident, must owe your hand rather to compassion than affection. Honour is the mistress of your heart, Holberg, and would be too powerful, if I had no other rival there ; but much I fear——

COL. What, Madam ?

BAR. That you are unfaithful, Holberg ?

COL. Unfaithful !

BAR. Yes ; honour, which is but honesty refined,

is still adhered to between man and man with scrupulous observance; but with weak woman, from whom no honourable vengeance can ensue, man, coward man, hides oft dishonour, for such falsehood is beneath the tide of custom, and makes a tavern jest of what to her is serious indeed.

COL. Am I such a man?

BAR. Let me examine that. How long is it since you wrote to me last?

COL. Madam, you know the reason why I did not.
—My affairs—

BAR. Well, pass over that—but where's the ring I gave you?

COL. The ring, the ring,—plague on't; I have not put it on to-day.

BAR. Holberg, Holberg!

COL. But indeed I have it safe.

BAR. Indeed you have not.

COL. Rohf will bring it me immediately.

BAR. No, he will not. How often have you sworn you would not part with it! A new passion only could have got it from you. False, perfidious man, I see you now. Was it for this I left an uncle (father I should call him)—because he knew the world better than myself,—but it is not too late. I know the price of reconciliation—'tis but taking a husband from his hand, and, Holberg, here I swear 'tis from his hand alone that I will take a husband.

COL. Caroline!

BAR. Here, take this, Sir; there was a time I little thought I should have been obliged to give you back
F again

again this pledge of past affection : but take it, Sir, and I'll obey my uncle.

COL. Madam !—I shall run distracted !—Madam !
(*takes the ring in a great perturbation*) Do I dream ?
O Caroline, urge me not to madness !—Perform your contract, your vows : take back this ring, which you received from me, when we made a mutual exchange of pledges of affection : take it, Caroline, and may it be a second time the pledge to ratify the contract that it made at first.

BAR. Never—What that ring !—No, that ring I never will.

LIS. If he would but look at the cypher, now.

S C E N E V.

HOLBERG. BARONESS. LISETTA. ROHF.

ROHF. Sir, Colonel !

COL. Well.

ROHF. Come here—come quickly.

COL. What is the matter ? speak, what is it ?

ROHF. In your ear, Sir. (*whispers*)

LIS. Here have I stood on burning coals all this while—For Heaven's sake have done !

BAR. Stay, Lisetta ! stay till I have done ; and then—for the luxury of a reconciliation.

COL. What ! 'tis impossible—she—(*looking at the Baronefs*) speak out !

ROHF. The landlord says that the Baronefs has the ring I pledged to him ; that she reclaimed it as her own, and would not give it back again.

COL. " Is this true, Madam ? No ; it cannot.

BAR. " Why not ? (*laughing*) Why not, Holberg ?

COL. (*With emotion*) So it is true then?—What a shocking gleam of light darts on me all at once!—Yes; I now see through your false, perfidious——

BAR. False! who is false?

COL. She that I ne'er will name again.

BAR. Holberg!

COL. Forget my name, Madam!—you mean to break with me, 'tis evident. Fate too seems conspiring with perfidy, in bringing her own ring so opportunely to her hands. (*looking at the Baroness's hand, which has a ring on*)

BAR. And do you own you pledg'd that ring, Holberg; the ring you swore that nought but death should e'er deprive you of? Blush, Holberg——

COL. Your ingenuity, Madam!—'Sdeath; her words are daggers!—I cannot answer them.

S C E N E VI.

HOLBERG. BARONESS. LISETTA. ROHF. WAR-
MAN (*with a money-bag.*)

WAR. Here am I, Colonel.

COL. (*without looking at him*) Who wants you?

WAR. Here, here's money—a thousand pistoles.

COL. A thousand devils!—I'll have none on't.

WAR. And 'as much more, if you please, Colonel.

COL. Keep your money.

WAR. Nay, 'tis your money—Egad, I believe you don't see whom you are talking to—'tis I, Warmans.

COL. Goodness is but hypocrisy; officious friendship but deceit.

WAR. Officious! why I only fulfilled your own orders.

COL. Fulfil another then, and take yourself away.

WAR. I must beg; I must intreat you, Colonel, to take your money.

COL. How often must I tell you I'll have none on't?

WAR. Let who will take it then for me. (*flinging it angrily upon the ground*)

LIS. Warmans.

WAR. Let me alone.

LIS. Wheu! why the devil is in these men, I think. There, I told you what your scheme would come to. But you shall carry it no further. Colonel, please to look at the ring you have got on your finger now.

COL. That ring, which she received from me, intended to unite, will separate us for ever, unless she takes it back again.

LIS. Look at it again, before you insist too violently on her taking it back.

COL. Ha! (*looking at the ring.*)

LIS. Is it not the very ring which the Baroness gave you; and which she has redeemed from the landlord to prevent your loss on't?

COL. Her cypher—it is, by Heavens—Oh, Caroline! I never was ashamed before.

BAR. Well, now shall I take it? shall I once more give

give it, and place it—(*snatches it, and puts it on his finger.*)

COL. Where am I? Oh Caroline! Could I but believe that you repented of your unkind—

BAR. No, I never can repent laying your whole heart open to my view—Take your Caroline, your happy Caroline; and in nothing happier than in being yours (*they embrace*): and now let us go to meet him.

COL. Meet whom?

BAR. The best friend you have; though yet unknown to you.

COL. Who?

BAR. The Count, my uncle, who has heard so just a character of your desert; that, so far from opposing our union, he has, “in spite of his antipathy to your “countrymen,” come here with the utmost impatience to give you his friendship and his heirs: and I am sworn to take a husband from his hand, you know.

COL. You are not in earnest, sure!

LIS. It is high time we should—we have been too long in jest.

COL. Oh, you dear wicked angel to torment me; but I ought to have known you, ye Comedians—Warmans.

WAR. (*coming to himself*) Eh, what?

COL. (*going up to him familiarly*) Warmans, when can I have the other thousand?

WAR. (*in good humour*) To-morrow, Colonel.

COL. I do not intend to be your debtor, but your steward, Warmans—you goodnatured folks are a species

species of lunatics the law has not provided guardians for. I have been rather waspish with you, Warmans.

WAR. By my soul, and so you have—but to be sure I am a blunderbuss; I see my fault, and deserve a thousand lashes—but rather order me twice as many, than continue thus in anger with me.

COL. In anger!—no, give me your hand. I should be glad to see the man who has a sweeter bride, or a better friend, than I have.—What say you, Lisetta?

LIS. He is to be sure an excellent kind of a man—I may never meet his like again—Well, I must speak I believe, though I am not six and twenty. (*goes blushing and trembling up to Warmans*) Mr. Serjeant!

WAR. What would you have, my sweet maid?

LIS. Look in my face, Mr. Serjeant.

WAR. I am afraid, my sweet maid, I have looked there too often—Well, there now.

LIS. Mr. Serjeant, have you never a vacancy for a Serjeant's lady, to dispose of?

WAR. But are you in earnest, my sweet maid?

LIS. That I am.

WAR. And will you go with us to the Crimea?

LIS. Any where with you.

WAR. Indeed!—Halloo, Colonel! Colonel! don't brag; I have as sweet a bride, and a better friend than you have. Give me your hand, my lass, 'tis a match; and in ten years time, you shall be a General's Lady—or a widow.

BAR. Holberg, did not the Serjeant then speak the sentiments of the Colonel?—Well, be it so, for now I think on't, Generals names are seldom on the list of killed

killed and wounded—If you are happy, life will be desirable.

COL. I am happy, as happy as man can be. False pride has governed both of us.—Generosity, it is true, is a rare virtue ; but gratitude still rarer : and perhaps it denotes a greater mind to acknowledge a benefit, than to confer one—Generosity may proceed from ostentation or vanity ; but gratitude must flow from the heart, and arise from true feeling.

THE END.

